"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE LAST WORDS OF EMINENT UNITARIANS.

"O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain."

Shakespeare.

IN the previous numbers of this volume it has been our aim to shew the utter groundlessness of our Trinitarian brethren in supposing that nothing but their peculiar doctrines can comfort and sustain mankind in view of death and a future state. We have surely proved our case in the closing scenes of Locke, Priestley, Milton, Channing, Newton, Lardner, Price and others. In future papers a few additional sketches shall now and then appear on this solemn matter. We might have added a countless list of those whose walk has been with humbler attainments in common life, who have lived and died in our faith, and whose end was peace. We close this series of 1866 with the last words of a few distinguished Unitarians of other countries and ages. It is reported of Wolzogenius, a distinguished Austrian, who was driven from his home for his religion, that when he perceived his end approaching he sent for a Trinitarian minister and conversed with him for some time on a difficult mathematical problem. This minister saw he was dying, and advised him to look to the salvation of his soul. Wolzogenius replied, "I have purposely entered upon this mathematical discussion at the present juncture, to shew that I am still in full possession of my reasoning faculties." He then added, he retracted nothing he had advanced, but regarded his published writings on religion as true, and died.—Among the last words of Conrad Vorstitius were these: "I positively declare, as I have done formerly, that I make a difference between the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, our only and eternal Saviour, and Him who is the only true God Almighty, according to the words of the Holy Spirit which occur so frequently in the New Testament."—And as the martyr Gentilis laid his head on the block to suffer death for his Unitarian profession of faith, he gave utterance to these remarkable words: "Many have suffered for the glory of the Son, but none, *as far as I know*, have died for the glory and superiority of the Father." We may add, that while we are not aware of any one suffering death for the Trinity, we have before us the names of many who have suffered death for denying the Trinity.—The last words of the celebrated and much calumniated Faustus Socinus were these: "That no less satiated with life than with the enmity and calamities he had felt, he was expecting, with joyful and undaunted hope, that last moment, which would bring with it a release from his trials and the recompence of his labours."—And could there ever be a more peaceful and pious end than that of John Crellius, the distinguished Unitarian minister and scholar of Racow, in 1663? An infectious fever raged in the city. As soon as he was attacked, he had a presentiment of his death, and prayed to God he might be saved from the delirium attendant on that disease. His friends soon saw there was no hope of his recovery. He expressed himself perfectly resigned to the will of God, and full of pious aspiration. He was raised up, and bestowed on those round his bed his blessing. The whole company then fell upon their knees, and while they were engaged in the act of prayer he calmly breathed his last, in the forty-third year of his age.

CLARA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

What a luxurious room it was, with its carved book-cases, its inlaid study table, its heavy curtains, and its "sleepy hollow" chairs! How the light from the grate, which was piled up with soft coal, flickered and danced; now peeping into every dark corner, now irradiating one of the beautiful pictures which hung over the book-cases and filled every vacant nook: it seemed to rest oftenest upon two figures, one of marble, which stood out in full relief near a bay window. It was an exquisite representation of Elizabeth of Hungary, as she tremblingly opened her apron at the command of her imperious lord, and lo! the bread and meat she had taken to give to the poor sufferers without the castle had turned to fragrant flowers, which she gracefully offered to the amazed prince. The rich glow of the fire made the marble form seem instinct with life; but it was scarcely more beautiful than that other form upon which streamed the ruddy light as she sat upon a low cushion, her head resting upon her hands, crossed on an ottoman, very much like the attitude of Raphael's favourite angel. She watched the flowers as they danced up and down, darting their blue and red tongues out with fiery impatience. A slight noise startled her from her reverie; it seemed like a tap upon the window; she glanced towards it, and saw a pale, thin face, with hands stretched out, as if to get some of the warmth which filled the room. Clara Graeme sprang up and went towards the window. The frightened child turned to run away, and then, as if detained by a spell, stopped and watched every movement of the fair vision. Clara opened the window, and, speaking very gently, said,

"Little girl, what do you want?"

"I was only trying to warm my hands; the fire looked so good, and my fingers are so cold, I can hardly hold my basket."

"You shall come in and warm you;" and, passing into the entry, she opened the vestibule door and beckoned the child to come. This she did with slow and reluctant steps; but as the red warmth of the atmosphere flooded round her, her movements became quicker, light came to her eye, and a little blush to the wan cheek.

Clara took her hand and led her to the ottoman where she had herself been leaning, made her sit down, and rubbed the almost frozen fingers. She was a delicate, wee thing; she had deep blue eyes, unnaturally sad; dark brown hair clustered in thick curls over her head; but her features were pinched, and she looked like one out of whom had been crushed all the joy of childhood. As she gazed at the fire, large drops formed in her eyes, and fell without any of the sob or struggle of childhood. Clara looked pityingly at her.

"My poor child, why do you weep so?"

"O, if mother only had this fire to warm her, she would be better; she is so sick. O, won't you buy one of my tidies?" With trembling, eager hands she opened her pretty basket, a lady's work-basket evidently, and took out from it a number of those useful chair appendages, "anti-macassars." Several of them were exquisitely crocheted, with a delicate running vine and graceful flowers, almost as fine as a spider's web.

"You did not make these!" said Clara, as she looked with admiration at the beautiful work.

"Will you tell me where you live, my little girl? I should like to see the mother who could make such beautiful things. I think I can get her as much of this work as she can do."

A vivid blush dyed the girl's cheek and brow; she looked confused, and made no reply. A suspicion of her integrity crossed, for the first time, Clara's mind. She feared the story was a made-up one, and that the articles had been stolen. She looked coldly, somewhat sternly, at her, and said: "If you do not choose to tell me where you live, I cannot take the tidies, because I have nothing to prove your story to be true. I do not even know that your mother made them; they may be stolen property."

Such a look as the child fixed upon her; the very angel of her soul looked out from those pure depths; she did not speak, but began folding up the articles and putting them into her basket.

"Stop, you strange little thing," said Clara, repenting of her harsh doubt. "I wanted to know where you lived that I

might help your mother; if you have any good reason for not telling me, why not let me know it?"

The child still hesitated, as if debating in her own mind.

"Mamma has told me not to tell where she lives because she does not like to have our home seen. It is so different from what it used to be; she is so poor now, since papa died, and we came here; but I am sure she cannot live without somebody sees her, and you look kind. You can help her, I am sure." She drew close up to Clara and whispered so low that she could scarcely catch the name of the place where they lived.

"And your name, what is it?"

"Minna Gray Locke."

"Minna Gray! Minna Gray!" echoed Clara; "where did you get that name?"

"It was my mother's before she married my papa."

"I," began Clara, but she checked herself. "Just wait a few moments here," she said, and bounded out of the room. She soon returned with a basket in one hand, into which she had put a package of tea and sugar, and some delicate bread and cold chicken and other niceties, she thought might tempt a sick one's appetite. In the other hand she had warm gloves and stockings, a nice grey sack which she had made for one of her humble Sunday-school scholars. She could make another for her. The child took all quietly; she expressed no joy at her own transforming; all thought seemed centred in the relief she was to take her mother. Clara pinned the money for the tidies into the pocket of her sack. It was now quite dark, but the child said she was not afraid; she was used to being in the streets alone; no one would harm such a poor little thing. Clara stood at the door watching her till she was out of sight. She re-entered the room, dropped the heavy green curtains, and resumed her seat before the fire, but her whole train of reverie was broken.

"Minna Gray! can it be! the one I looked up to so in my early school-days! 'Tis strange I am haunted by thoughts of her; and this child's eyes, they had the same almost preternatural beauty that made me tremble when I looked into Minna Gray's eyes. Why, she was the most brilliant girl in school, and such a fine musician! I know she married and went to the West. Can it be she? I'll know to-morrow."

Chap. II.

"Why, Clara Graeme, what in goodness' name are you doing here this Christmas evening? Have you forgotten the festival at Aunt Penelope's? Where are all the household? Not a body can I find but you, and you are in the land of dreams."

"I had forgotten it was Christmas eve. Papa and mamma went to grandmamma's this afternoon, and carried Theodore with them; a good reason why the house is so quiet. But how joyous you look!"

"And well I may, cousin, for look here. There is my Christmas present from papa; and on Wednesday, the day after Christmas, you will find me transformed into a real cold-defier; for two of these precious things will go for a fur cape, which will quite envelope my tiny person; another for a cape and muff to match, boots ditto, made to order; and that will leave me a little for a dainty bonnet, and a love of a handkerchief I saw to-day."

"O, but, Issie, you won't spend all that, just to deck your own pretty person!"

"That's what papa gave it to me for, and I won't disappoint him."

"O, I have had the dearest little wanderer here this evening, Issie. I wish you could have seen her."

"I don't want to see the dirty little victims, all pinched and ragged; they excite disgust. But, Clara Graeme, what is this exquisite thing, and where did you get it?"

"The little pinched, ragged thing that excites your disgust, Issie, brought it to me."

"Then she is a transformed spider; for nothing but a spider with her one hundred bags of delicate threads could fashion such a thing as this. I don't believe your story, Clara; no beggar-child could have brought this, unless they had stolen it from the Irish fairies."

Before Clara could reply, there was a ringing of bells, a rush into the room, and noisy Theodore was drowning every

sound in his description of their afternoon's drive and visit. With the gay Christmas festival, with its good Cinderella god-mother, and the marvellous pumpkin which, at the touch of her wand, sent forth such gifts to young and old as have nothing to do. Clara enjoyed it, though her thoughts often wandered to little Minna Locke. The next morning, after Christmas greetings had been exchanged, her father said to her: "What does my daughter want for her Christmas gift? I see there is something she particularly wishes. I think it is a new piano, as I know she is tired of her old one. It has been a good year in my business, and I am quite willing to indulge my Clara. Say, child, shall I give you an order for one of Chickering's best?"

"Thank you, dear father, but I think I can do very well with my piano; you are always satisfied with it, when I play and sing; so, if you will please to give me half the amount a new one would cost, in money, to do what I please."

Papa promised nobody should ask Clara what she intended doing with his generous gift; but we are privileged to follow her on this her Christmas, and will see if she spent it all on herself. She threaded through streets she had never before traversed, and finally found herself at the door of a house on one of the small lanes leading from the public thoroughfare. She knocked gently, and asked if Mrs. Locke lived there.

"I s'pose she's the leddy that uses the room ayont there. You'll find her, I reckon, for she's sick enough."

Following the direction indicated, Clara tapped at the door, which was opened very quietly by the same little girl who had so interested her yesterday. She stood with one finger upon her lip and the other hand pointing to her mother, who was sleeping upon a lounge. The child beckoned Clara to come in, which she did, and seating herself on the only chair, she looked around the room, her heart growing sadder and heavier every moment, for she recognized in the worn and emaciated figure, the admiration of her school days, the brilliant Minna Gray; scarce a trace of her remained, but the noble brow and the masses of hair which rippled and curled as if they had not forgotten their youth. The room was utterly bare, the lounge, chairs, table and a trunk, being all it contained. The sleeper grasped in her hands her crochet-needle, and had evidently fallen asleep while working.

"I got the doctor last night," whispered little Minna, as she seated herself on a low cricket by Clara's feet. "He says mother is starving; he gave her some medicine and it has made her sleep. O, she was so happy when I brought her the money last night, and all the nice things."

The sleeper stirred, opened her eyes, and when she saw Clara sitting by her side, she groaned and covered her face as if to escape notice.

"Minna, Minna Gray, don't you remember me?" said Clara, taking the thin hand in hers. "Why, I never could forget you."

"I have forgotten all I knew in my happier days since I have been so wretched; but oh, perhaps you will be a friend to my Minna. I shall not live long, and I could die happy if there was anybody to watch over her."

"We will not talk of death, Minna, only of life; but I will give you the assurance that if you die, my mother and I will protect your child. But what can have brought you to this hapless state?"

"Death, only death took my husband, then my brother, and then my boy. I cannot tell you all, Clara; it harrows me too much. I dragged myself here; but I had no kindred, I had no piano to teach with." She sank back exhausted. Clara sent little Minna out to get some wine as a restorative, and when she saw her friend a little relieved, she left her, promising to return soon. She knew a quiet boarding-house in the lovely environs of the city. She took a carriage, drove out to it, found a vacant room, engaged board on quite moderate terms, and paid the first month in advance; then she returned to Mrs. Locke and told her what she had done. After much persuasion, she succeeded in dressing her and getting her and little Minna into the carriage. She gathered all she could find of any value into a trunk, and it was not long before they were in the warm cheerful room, the invalid resting in a nice easy

chair, while the child was revelling in the lovely country views, so pure and beautiful, with the fresh fallen snow resting on fir and cedar, and the trees glistening with their icy mail.

Thus was Clara Graeme's Christmas morning passed, and this was the first instalment of her Christmas money. Within a week she had hired a piano for her friend, who had gained strength enough to resume her practice, so as to fit herself to teach. Little Minna was neatly clothed and sent to school, and then Clara, herself the first pupil, soon succeeded in getting quite a large class for Mrs. Locke. Never was money better invested than this Christmas gift.

She was teazed by her cousin Isabel, because she had nothing new to shew for her Christmas present; but she kept her heart warm with the joy of the relief she had brought to two sufferers. She felt the cold less from the perpetual glow of duty done, than did her gay cousin wrapped in her mantle of furry selfishness.—*C. Register.*

PHILANTHROPY AND SOCIAL DIFFERENCES.

The world is full of differences. The axiom that all men are born equal is not an absolute truth. Yet these differences are essential to the very existence of society. Without them there could be no subordination, and consequently no obedience. These differences are absolutely necessary to the very existence of society, and must also be considered as of divine appointment. They arise from the very nature of man.

Men not only differ in temperaments, but also in intellectual endowments; therefore this variety of gifts must necessarily produce the inequalities of social life. We infer that the differences of life are not accidents, but the results of that Providence that shapes the ends of men and nations.

But these inequalities are not without meaning; they are in the beneficent Providence educational influences of the highest importance. Their tendency is to unfold the law of Philanthropy—to call forth latent powers, and enlist them on behalf of human welfare. They create new conditions, which make new duties and evoke unborn sympathies and efforts. But the grand purpose of these differences in men and society, as we believe, is to quicken and call forth into active operation the philanthropic feelings of our common nature. These affections are to prove the best reconciler and uniter of man to man and nation to nation; they will bring men of diverse conditions into closer fellowship; and they will serve to form a counteracting influence to the selfish instincts of our nature, and form new ties in the great human brotherhood. If there was a real difference in our common nature as well as condition, then the inequalities of life might be looked upon as formidable, if not insuperable, obstacles to the near communion of classes, as they are often considered so by a false and selfish philosophy. But nature, reason and all the noble instincts of the soul say they are not. Our observation, experience, and the one common heart that makes tender melody underneath all inequalities, say they are not.

Heaven has given to none any advantage with reference to himself, but has imparted it on condition that it be shared with others. Human society is one great exchange, wherein mutual benefits are the genuine circulating coin. The social order of the world is really based upon the co-operative principle, and just as completely as we realize practically this divine law in society, shall we mould it after the highest pattern. Whosoever shall attempt to engross for his own selfish use any part of the common inheritance of all, does by such an act violate one of the clearest and most imperative laws which is written on the human soul, and which is continually proclaimed and illustrated in all the relations of life.

"God, as he framed the whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness.
All served, all serving; no one stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown."

Active philanthropy is a human duty. If this duty is founded in the nature of man and interwoven into the fabric of human society, it is also clearly enforced by the Christian religion. Indeed, the

Founder of it has made the poor on earth his representatives, and the good we do for them is the measure of our love to him. By active philanthropy we mean something more than almsgiving; we include under this duty everything which practically aims to ennoble man, and to bring the various classes of society into closer sympathy and communion with each other. If we directly or indirectly give meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger, and clothes to the naked, we are fulfilling the duty of active philanthropy. The one most hopeful sign of our times is the spirit of good-will which penetrates it. Despite of the strife of creeds and conflict of sectarian opinions, a healthy and humanizing philanthropy is spreading its healing influence over our age. Speculatively considered, this age of science may appear an age of doubt; but to us, contemplated from a practical point of view, it appears one of the most Christian ages of the world. Men are beginning to learn that good works are not filthy rags, but the most perfect manifestation of the Divine goodness. Only the most rampant dogmatist will persist in calling the golden deeds of philanthropy filthy rags. The improving of the dwellings of the poor; the promoting of education among the people; the full recognition of their importance to the well-being of the state; the general diffusion of sound economic and provident principles;—to perform these deeds is to permeate society with the spirit of Christ. If we neglect these imperative demands of our times, in vain shall we offer to God our religious homage; in vain shall we be careful to keep holy days; in vain shorten or lengthen the articles of our belief; in vain compass sea and land to make a disciple; in vain build and beautify the tombs of the fathers: all this is vain, if we do not cultivate the kind and generous affections—if we do not check the narrow movements of selfishness, and do all the good within our power to all within the limits of our beneficence; in short, if we do not make the law of active philanthropy the law of life. This law and the holy duties that cluster around it are always shining clear, and are subject to no change.

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of men."

But active philanthropy is not only a duty, but a privilege also. Surely doing good ought to be ranked among our highest privileges. We are too apt to consider acts of philanthropy almost exclusively as benefits conferred, when really it is hardly a paradox to say that they are favours received. The reflex influence of good actions is almost invaluable to him who performs them. They have a double action; they bless the giver and receiver. We cannot rejoice in the happiness of another without feeling all the better. A man is a holier and nobler being for every kind thought towards a fellow-creature; and every good act, before it goes forth on its humanizing errand, leaves a rich blessing in the heart that gave it birth. The child forsakes its parent to bless another, but leaves an immortal blessing in the mother's heart. The virtue that goes out of us in deeds, returns again with interest.

The truth of this will be clear if we consider that it is only by means of active philanthropy that a character truly philanthropic can be formed. It is a law of our nature not carefully observed, that every sentiment, good or bad, is strengthened by the outward expression of it; while the gratifying of any mere feeling tends to weaken and destroy the disposition and power of doing good. Thus all action in the direction of good enlarges the original capacity and increases the executive power of doing good. Every emotion of good embodied in action tends to form a benevolent habit; and it is habits thus fashioned that make up character.

And it is equally true, on the other hand, that the indulgence of any mere sentiments, if they be not carried into effect, tends to weaken the active powers. This is universally true. Hence the uselessness and good-for-nothingness of sentimental sighers and dreamers—their fine feelings evaporate into air. Hence, too, the worse than uselessness of a merely contemplative piety. This indulgence in good emotions which fade and die before they are carried into

deeds, only serves to steel the heart against active philanthropy. The reason of this is obvious; they are purely selfish gratifications. It is quite possible to sigh for wretchedness and shun the wretched. We may weep over the sorrows and sufferings of those unfortunate beings who people the realm of fiction, and still be hard and selfish. Too often we treasure up our tears for imaginary woe, but have no heart for active duties. We keep in stock a good supply of philanthropic emotions for

"Those faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw."

We have sympathies in great abundance, but they are for the creations of our own sickly imaginations. Our hearts are brimful of feelings, but they are too fine for this rough world. Thus we see that the practice of philanthropy is the only way in which we can form the philanthropic character.

If we would correct that baneful indulgence in mere feelings which yield a certain amount of selfish gratification, we must go and see the suffering poor; this will rebuke our selfishness and excite benevolent action. Let St. James visit St. Giles, and Belgravia Bethnal Green, and the results will be of the most pleasing character. The one party would discover an outlet for the tears they were wont to waste over the characters of romance; and the other party would soon learn, we believe, that they were not outlaws from the social compact, but members of one common brotherhood. Dugald Stewart says: "The apparent coldness and selfishness of mankind may be traced to a want of attention and a want of imagination. But without an uncommon degree of both, it is impossible for any man to comprehend completely the situation of his neighbour, or to have an idea of the greater part of the distress which exists in the world." But, while granting the truthfulness of these remarks, are we justified in being so selfishly inattentive to the situation of our neighbourhood, and ought we to trust to our imagination, while by following the law of active philanthropy we could personally learn something of the true state of our neighbour? It is thus we may see examples of passive courage, quiet endurance, disinterested kindness, self-abnegation, devotion to irksome and revolting duties, and beautiful examples of moral heroism. Such personal intercourse of the rich with the poor would not only correct our selfish tendencies, but would also quicken us into a life of active philanthropy. It would further serve to correct those hasty conclusions which have been formed in some quarters respecting the people, and shew us that, while there is much to be deplored, there is a great deal more to be admired. Still further, we believe that knowledge of the poor gained by personal visits, would reveal to us our own shortcomings, and prove that many of the evils existing among them are the results of our ignorance, coldness and selfishness; in the heat of our sectarian squabbles we have neglected to adopt such educational measures as would reach them; and in our eager race for wealth we have failed to supply them with pure water and comfortable houses to live in. Indeed, if we had been more faithful in trying to find out how the poor live, move and have their being, the cholera would not have committed such ravages in the east end of London as it did only a month or two ago. These evils can only be remedied by a vigorous and active application of the law of philanthropy; and to do this thoroughly, philanthropy must not be considered as an ecclesiastical duty, but as a holy duty resting upon every man, upon every citizen, which he can neither evade nor in any way neglect without inflicting an injury on society.

Then, if active philanthropy is a duty incumbent upon all citizens according to the measure of their several abilities, there is no need to inquire upon whom the duty rests. Yet the duty and privilege of active benevolence must rest chiefly on the rich. As a class they are specially called on to perform this duty. Where there is wealth, there is clearly stewardship and responsibility—a providential call to seek and save our "poor brother." Every man in a certain sense is his brother's keeper; and he cannot ignore the claims of the least of his brethren without injury to himself and the community in which he lives. The interest of the whole is bound up with the interest of a part; if one mem-

ber suffer, the corporate body will be affected.

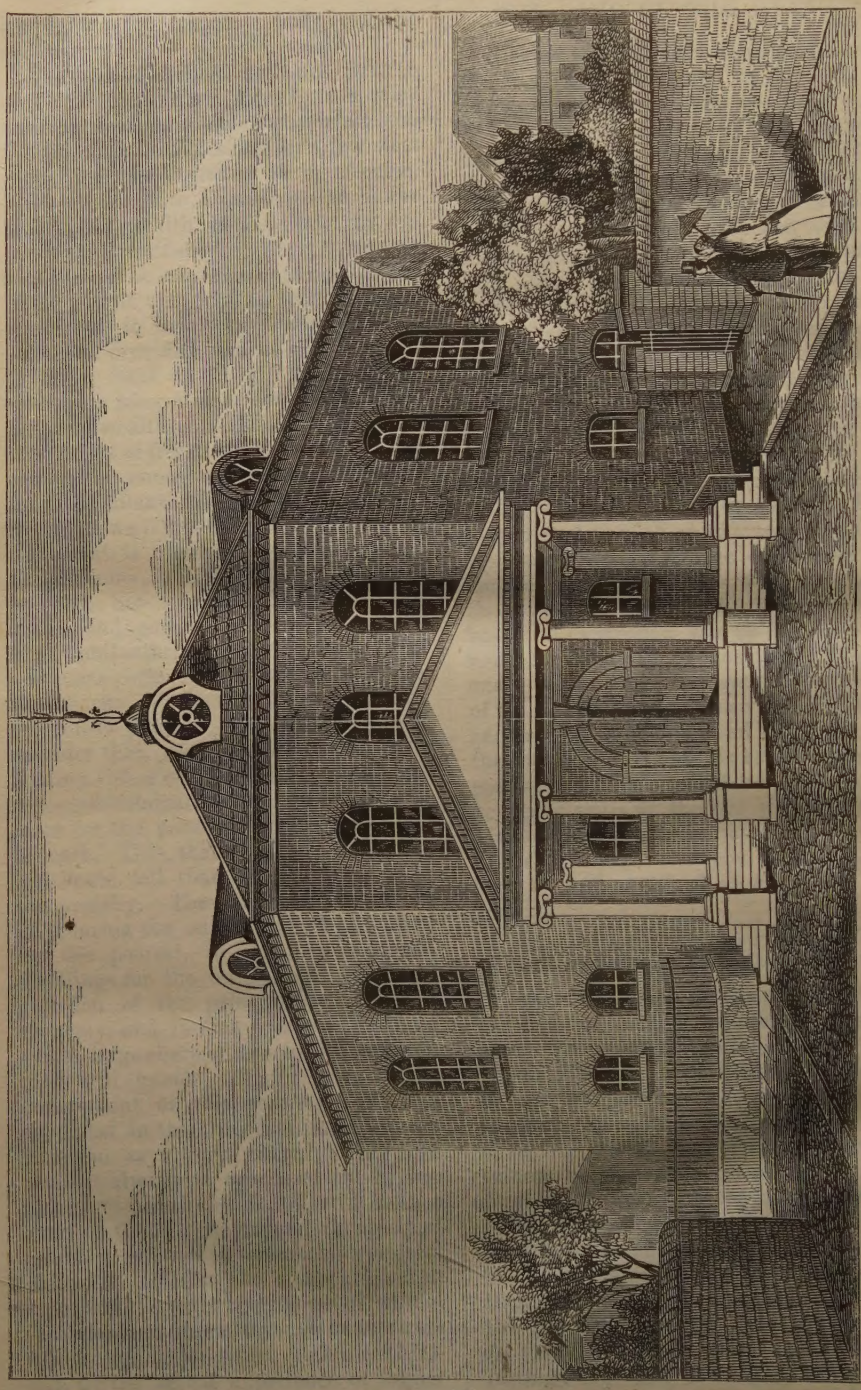
The instinct which prompts man to seek and accumulate wealth is a wise one; for a poor nation is a powerless one. Poverty may be a blessing for a few elect souls, but for a nation it is a curse. Still, it is quite possible to turn the blessing of wealth into a curse by expending it selfishly. Everything we touch may be converted into gold, yet if we permit our poor to live in feverdens, and to drink in death from the water we provide them, it will turn out to be as fatal as the gift the god bestowed on king Midas. As a nation we are great wealth-makers, but do we spend unselfishly as freely as we ought? When cholera is among us we give liberally towards philanthropic objects; but when it is gone we fall back into our old habits. But what is required is not spasmodic philanthropy, but systematic. Impulse is good, but principle is better. An active and persistent obedience to the law of philanthropy will work out greater and more permanent results than impulsive charity. If the wealthy, who occupy the loftier places of society, would only consider that, as they catch more of the floating riches of Heaven, they ought to become fountains and reservoirs of refreshment for the parched and thirsty plains beneath. This, then, is, as we think, the legitimate call that society makes upon the wealthy. They are specially to aid in securing the advantages of education for the poorest, in building improved dwellings for the toilers, by the general diffusion of the principles of political economy, and in many ways to fit them for the large share of responsibility which they will sooner or later take in the government of this country. Wealth expended in this direction is well spent. Emerson says very truly, "The true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane; to invest and invest, with keener avarice, that he may spend in spiritual creation, and not in augmenting animal existence. Nor is the man enriched in repeating the old experiments of animal sensation, nor unless, through new powers and ascending pleasures, he knows himself, by the actual experience of higher and higher good, to be already on the way to the highest."

THE SONG OF THE DYING.

Disease had well nigh done its work—the flame but glimmered in the socket, one moment more and it would be out. The dying girl called, by her waving hand, her sister to her, and faintly breathed forth the wish that she would sing—sing some sweet melody, that she might leave the world with the tones of inspiring music on her ear. "And what, dear sister, would you choose for me to sing?" "Sing, Harriet, my favourite." The sister well knew her choice, and sat down to the instrument and brought forth its sweetest and softest tones; they were indeed born of heaven, and never had music a holier influence than when it breathed forth the elevated thoughts of the dying one, dying in the beauty of her youth, and yet willing to depart. We looked on her with sacred awe; we felt we were in the presence of a being of another world, who was soon to know the mystery of death. What a calm and beautiful expression was on her countenance! What a glow was on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, as the notes of the favoured song rose sweet and clear, and seemed to float around the couch of the dying! O, is not this religion worth possessing, that enabled her to wear a heavenly smile at the last moment, and shew that she felt the words that were uttered, though she could not speak them! And she died as her sister repeated,

"I would not live alway away from my God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode."

There was much to wean thee away, fair sister of the gentle speech and tender eye! Storm after storm did indeed rise "over thy way," and heaven was fairer to thee than earth. And when the pale conqueror cometh to bear me from this changing world, may thy sweet cheerfulness be mine, and some gentle one sing me to death's sleep as thou wert. Sweet sister, we part from earth's melody for the purer and nobler strains of heaven! The strains that greet us as we linger on the shores of mortality are not the last, for there are harps and voices in that home that awaits us, and everlasting songs will be sung to the praise of our Father and our God.—*Lady's Repository.*



OCTAGON CHAPEL, NORWICH.

This remarkable edifice, far more celebrated for its internal than external structure, was erected on the site of an old Presbyterian meeting-house of 1687, during the ministry of Dr. John Taylor (the illustrious ancestor of that name so well known and highly honoured amongst us), and was opened by him, May 12, 1756, with a sermon from Haggai xi. 8, 9, on "the glory of any house erected for public worship, and the true principles, religious, civil and social, of Protestant Dissenters." The following extract from John Wesley's Journals gives an account of the chapel, as it appeared to him in Dec. 1757. "I was shewn Dr. Taylor's new meeting-house, perhaps the most elegant one in all Europe. It is eight square, built of the finest brick, with 16 sash-windows below, as many above, and 8 skylights in the dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The inside is finished in the highest taste, and is as clean as any nobleman's saloon. The communion-table is fine mahogany; the very latches of the pew-doors are polished brass. How can it be thought that the old coarse gospel should find admission here!" Gorgeous as this description is, yet no mention is made of the 8 Corinthian pillars supporting the lofty roof, one at each angle of the building, so well painted to imitate the finest marble, as to deceive many, and excite the admiration of all beholders. To modern taste the octagonal form is an insuperable bar to true ecclesiastical beauty, and for the purposes of worship is peculiarly ill adapted. Indeed, the building itself appears to have been completed before the pulpit was thought of, which was originally placed at one of the angles, so as to look askance on all the pews, arranged in conformity with the building. About twenty-five years since an attempt was made to remedy this awkward appearance, with some success, but not without considerable inconvenience.

In the year after the completion of this chapel, Dr. Taylor removed from Norwich to become Divinity Tutor of the then newly established Academy at Warrington, where he died a few years after. He was succeeded at Norwich by Mr. John Hoyle as co-pastor with Mr. Samuel Bourn, who published several valuable volumes of sermons still extant. In 1777, Mr. Bourn retired, and was succeeded by Mr. George Cadogan Morgan, who was educated under Dr. Price, and brother to Mr. W. Morgan, founder of the Equitable Life Office in London. In 1785, Mr. Morgan removed to Yarmouth, and Dr. Wm. Enfield was unanimously invited to succeed him as colleague to Mr. Robert Alderson (father of the late Baron Alderson and uncle of Mrs. Opie), who soon after resigned to follow the legal profession. In 1787, Mr. Pendlebury Houghton was invited as colleague to Dr. Enfield, with whom he lived most harmoniously until his death in 1797. Dr. Enfield is too well known by his various valuable publications to need further notice here; but his amiable disposition, manifested during his twelve years' ministry among them, was such as to endear him to all the members of his congregation, who have left a lasting memorial of their esteem and affection in the monument which adorns the walls of the chapel. After Dr. Enfield's death, Mr. Houghton continued sole minister for twelve more years, and was distinguished by remarkable simplicity of character, combined with the purest pulpit eloquence, for which he was celebrated far and wide. No less distinguished was his friend and successor, Mr. Thomas Madge, who raised the congregation to its highest pitch from 1812 to 1825, when he removed to Essex Street, London, and was succeeded by the late Mr. Edward Tagart, who carried on his career of success till 1828, and then also removed to London. For eleven years from that period, Mr. W. J. Bakewell was the respected minister, until he removed to America; when Mr. Joseph Crompton succeeded, and sustained the congregation for thirteen years with the utmost zeal and assiduity, until he could no longer bear the Unitarian name, and established a Free Christian Church in Norwich. This division has less affected the congregation than might reasonably have been expected. A large majority continued steadfast to their own and their fathers' faith, and their much respected and beloved friends, Mr. J. H. Hutton and Mr. David Davis, successively, for two and eight years respec-

tively, continued the work of the Christian ministry among them, until the present minister, Mr. J. D. H. Smyth, succeeded in 1862.

UNINTENTIONAL TESTIMONY.

God is One.

The Unitarian student cannot fail to be acquainted with the fact, that the concessions of orthodox commentators upon every disputed text of Scripture would furnish him with a complete defence of his own views, and cannot help being both interested and amused at the unintentional testimony to the purity and truth of the Unitarian faith occasionally found in the works of Trinitarian writers. The following extract is a noticeable illustration; and though the story refers to Egypt 900 years before Christ, the words of this paragraph are singularly applicable to the state of religious knowledge in the nineteenth century. The following passage occurs in "Sivan the Sleeper," by the Rev. C. H. Adams, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford:

"The good priest, who had first taken notice of Sivan's intelligence and desire of knowledge on the day of the trial, soon became interested in his pupil; and after awhile would sometimes travel away from the subjects immediately on hand, to satisfy his hearer's curiosity on points of theology and history. In the course of these conversations, Sivan gathered that the fundamental doctrine of the Egyptian religion was the same which he himself and the patriarchs before him had always held—THE ENTIRE AND ABSOLUTE UNITY OF THE DEITY. But his attributes being symbolized under a variety of forms, each of which had its own distinct name, its separate temple, and its peculiar priesthood assigned to it, gave an unlearned spectator the notion that a plurality of gods was worshiped. Thus, for instance, God, when regarded as Creator of the world, was called Phtah; as the generator of the human race, Khem; as the revealer of the secrets of nature, Anrun; and so on through many other titles. When Sivan remarked that the people generally did not seem to apprehend this distinction, but regarded each of these titles as separate deities, Amenoth replied that he was well aware that such was the case; but as the practical effect on their daily lives, arising from the error, was probably very slight, he and his brethren thought it best to trust to time and the spread of knowledge to correct it. This explanation, if it did not wholly satisfy Sivan, at least relieved his mind of a great difficulty which of late pressed upon him very disagreeably. He had begun to fear that the religion of the land, of which he had now become a native, actually recognized and upheld idolatry; and he was pleased to find that, though the evil did exist, it was nothing but a popular corruption, which would disappear with the wider diffusion of knowledge."

In this notice of Egyptian theology we can remark something like the Trinity—God the Creator, the Generator and the Revealer. As the story proceeds, Plato is introduced, and he (we know) taught a triad or trinity of attributes in the Deity—the one Good, the Logos, power or intellect, and Psyche, the vivifying influence. This was 350 years before Christ; how singular that, about the like number of years after Christ, a like Trinity should be propounded in the Christian church—the Father, the Logos, Word or Son, and Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who spake by the prophets!—the most important difference being, that three persons, instead of three attributes, are acknowledged.

The annexed, from the same book, will prove that the above extract has not been taken from a Unitarian writer: "The man Christ Jesus is also Lord of heaven and earth, very and eternal God" (p. 158). "There needed a spotless victim—such as none of the offspring of Adam could be—to make atonement to eternal justice" (p. 167).

An equally valuable testimony is found in Professor Jowett's account of Philo, a Jew and contemporary of Paul, who knew nothing of the doctrine of the Trinity. Philo, in his great difficulty to explain the passage, "God said, Let *us* make man," refers the address of Jehovah to some inferior beings or angels. If the Trinitarian theory had been then known, he could have had no difficulty with the passage.

I. D. Read.

MRS. MARABELLA STORY.

By Rev. E. Kell.

Mrs. Marabella Story, of whose useful life the pen of friendship would here present a brief sketch, was born at Philadelphia, U.S., Feb. 4, 1776, and was the youngest and last surviving of the four children of Enoch and Mary Story.

Her father was distantly related to Judge Story, and she preserved to the close of life her friendship for his son, Mr. Wm. W. Story. In consequence of the active part her parent took on the side of the British Government in the American Revolution, his property was confiscated, and he was compelled to quit the United States. On his arrival in England in 1777, he received a small pension from the English Government, and entered on business as an American merchant. He declined an offer made by Lord Shelburne of a living in the English Church, for which his education and character would have fitted him, on account of his disinclination to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. Marabella Story, the object of this memoir, by an act of generosity to a Norwegian nobleman, Baron Anker, to whom but for his early death she would have been united, so far reduced her income as to render it necessary for her to engage in the office of governess, for which a residence of some years in Paris and her general accomplishments admirably qualified her. Brought up in the Established Church, she in early life saw reason to doubt the scriptural foundation of the doctrine of the Trinity, and became firmly attached to the faith professed by Unitarians, which her whole after-life so consistently adorned. During her residence in London, she attended the ministry of the Rev. E. Tagart, of whom she always spoke with affectionate respect.

It was whilst Mrs. Story resided at Lymington that the writer of this brief sketch first became acquainted with her, from the circumstance of her sending him through the post some jewellery, valued at £13, to be transmitted to the Anti-slavery Bazaar at Boston, to which she afterwards made an annual contribution. In the note which accompanied the jewels, Mrs. Story said that they had been in the family upwards of a hundred years, and that she could not apply them to a better purpose than the glorious object of Negro emancipation.

An interesting incident connected with her efforts in the Anti-slavery cause in America, is recorded in the Report of the Twenty-third National Anti-slavery Bazaar, Boston, 1857. In the packet from England was sent the subjoined letter:

"*To Mrs. Chapman, Massachusetts.*

"Lymington, Hants, Sep. 10, 1856.

"My dear Madam,—A favour which I venture to request gives me the pleasing occasion of addressing you.

"Will you kindly oblige me by transmitting the enclosed letter, as early as your convenience allows, to the senator, Charles Sumner? It contains a signet ring, which I offer for his acceptance as a pledge of the interest that I, in common with all England and all civilization, take in the eloquent defender, not of Kansas only, but of Liberty herself, outraged and wounded in his person.

"Mara. Story."

To this letter the following reply was received:

"Washington, Feb. 28, 1857.

"Madam,—Accept my tardy but sincere thanks for your present and the note which accompanied it.

"My associations with the name which you bear are of the most affectionate character, and I am happy to have them revived by an incident so pleasing and encouraging.

"The cause in which you take interest will surely prevail. Slavery must yield. The madness of its supporters is now hastening its end.

"I remain, Madam, with much respect, your faithful servant,

"Charles Sumner."

Equally ardent with her zeal for the abolition of Negro slavery was her zeal for the oppressed of all nations, and her purse, often almost beyond her means, was open to the succour of the refugees from continental despotism. Her interest in them will be best seen by a quotation from a letter, bearing date 1854, to her valued friend, Mrs. James Stansfeld, of Fulham, whose efforts had been strenuous in behalf of the Italian exiles:

"Thank God, Mazzini is preserved to his country and also to his many friends. I feel grateful to the American Minister who expressed himself so nobly, and I have no doubt sincerely. His country has yet many glorious sons, although I fear the taint of

slavery is deeply corrupting the majority. Washington and Franklin would scarcely recognize the pride and reckless rapacity of those from whom they had anticipated a model republic. And has Switzerland forgotten her free sons, her Tells and Winkelrieds, that she prostrates herself before the once detested and defied Hapsburgh? Alas for the world! Must we leave it before we see liberty?"

Like all earnest minds, she greatly valued early religious instruction. Writing to her friend Mrs. Stansfeld a consolatory letter after affliction, she says:

"In your son, you may be occupied by the most endearing duty. A noble employment is before you. Your labour is not spent on perishable matter. You work for eternity. In that young being entrusted to your charge, you are to build an immortal temple, which shall be inhabited by the Spirit of God. Such toils bring their own compensation of peace and joy. Elevate the mind with noble sentiments, and you remove it from the petty annoyances which disturbed and irritated it. The wind impels the wave and rends the forest, but the planet rolls on unimpeded through its orbit."

She was a liberal subscriber to Manchester College and to the London Domestic Mission, and promoted generally education among the people. Before the Inquirer newspaper had become self-supporting, she aided its establishment with an annual donation. Her religious opinions were deeply fixed in her affections. Having, unhappily, by her settlement at Lymington deprived herself of the power by her living example of bearing her testimony to that truth which in its purity shall be for the healing of the nations, yet could she not with the easy conscience of some Unitarians consent by her presence to sanction the adorations of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, but in her own home worshiped her God and Father, and endeavoured, by correspondence and by the distribution of tracts, to lead others to participate in the light of Christian truth which burnt so clearly in her own bosom, in that faith which was the joy of her own soul. Writing to a friend of whose religious sentiments she was uncertain, she thus endeavours to awaken an interest in the truths she loved:

"I enclose a small tract in favour of Unitarian Christianity, that you may see very nearly *my views*. Such as they are, they tranquillize my mind, which never could avoid perplexity in the doctrines of self-styled orthodoxy."

Mrs. Story evinced great earnestness of religious feeling in that, though incapacitated by bodily weakness, for many of the closing years of life, from removing to any distance from her home, she had so strong a yearning for commemorating the Saviour's death in the Lord's Supper, that she took the bread and wine in memory of the Saviour in her solitary chamber, and was her own priest in this solemn service.

In a letter to the writer, she thus sanguinely speaks of the progress of liberal views of Christianity:

"I am pleased to hear that (what I think) a pure scriptural worship is gaining ground in this part of England. I am *fully persuaded*, even from my own experience, that Unitarian views are very acceptable to the spiritually-minded of the *humbler classes*. As for those who mistake pride and an ardent temper for religion, I fear there is great difficulty in impressing them with true Christianity under any form. Their great Master knows his own flock. May he increase its numbers!"

One other feature of her character deserves to be recorded: I allude to her cheerfulness of mind, her filial resignation amid the growing infirmities of age and the almost isolation of her situation, —a cheerfulness which sprang from vivid faith in an overruling Providence and the soul-elevating doctrine of immortality brought to light by the Gospel.

She writes:

"You ask how I manage to be cheerful in age and loneliness? I draw drafts on futurity and take resignation in present payment."

"A vague presentiment of a future state envelopes me and renders my present existence solemn but not sad. Yet I ever have and still do believe in the morality of cheerfulness. It *harmonizes* society."

She beautifully remarks, "The employment of *time* provides the inheritance of *eternity*."

She argued closely and warmly in support of her religious opinions. Thus she writes:

"I profess not the Parliamentary but the Christian religion. I cannot imprison the Omnipresent in the circuit of Thirty-nine

Articles, nor admit the spiritual dominion of my fallible fellow-creature. The King of kings is the Supreme Head of my church. I worship the God of Abraham, of Moses and of Christ, the ineffable Jehovah."

"Trinitarians tell you that their doctrine is *inferred* from many passages of scripture. Unitarians deliver their doctrine in the very injunctions of scripture. When my director plainly *enjoins* an act, can I act contrariwise because I *infer* from some less clear language that an opposite course will please him better? To me, such conduct appears presumptuous and disobedient. Clear injunction supersedes inference."

"The beautiful simplicity of Christian truth is hidden beneath the rubbish of centuries of theological labour. The inquirer must undergo toils similar to those at Pompeii. Then he may behold the fair beauty of the temple."

The truly Christian lady of whose life I have endeavoured to preserve a few memorials, died April 8, 1858, at the advanced age of 82, of acute bronchitis, after a short illness endured with the serene tranquillity which might have been anticipated. Her remains were followed to their last resting-place by her long-tried and valued friend, C. E. Powys, Esq., who watched over her decline of life with almost filial veneration and affection. Many, very many, not only of the poor and distressed of her own neighbourhood, but the down-trodden of distant lands, had reason to lament her departure as of one whose heart was ever open to the cry of the unfortunate, and who to the utmost verge of her means relieved their wants. Amongst those who felt her removal from this sphere of usefulness, the writer of this sincere tribute of respect regards it as a cause of deep gratitude to Almighty God that he was permitted in the closing period of her life to become her friend. He cannot dwell in thought on that noble spirit, encased in a frail body, in her retired abode, the sole survivor of her family in England, yet meeting every trial with Christian cheerfulness, without deriving spiritual improvement from such retrospect; and he would hope that this brief record of her life and opinions may lead others to seek, as she did, aid to discharge aright the duties of life, from the great Fountain of all strength and consolation.

TWO SISTERS.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Two angel sisters guard with watchful care,
From birth to death, the feeble child of dust;
Two God-sent messengers the mandate bear,
To join the holy army of the just.
The first, a beauteous maid of joyous mien,
Weaves round our hearts and lives a magic spell;
With perfumed flowers and fruits she decks the scene,
With flocks the mountains, and with sheaves the dell;
Beneath our feet she bids the herb to spring,
The murmuring brook to cool the summer's heat;
Around our paths the trees their shade to fling,
To give from mid-day sun a calm retreat.
Surrounding thus with every pure-born joy
The mystic path that man must tread on earth,
In thrilling accents, free from taint or 'loy,
She sings her glorious song of heavenly birth:

Child of Man, thy Father calls thee
To thy home;
Here on earth with plenty crowns thee,
Here with every gift surrounds thee,
Every hour with mercy bounds thee.
Mortal come!
Kneel in praise before His throne!

Child of Man, thy Maker calls thee
From on high;
Every flower whose scent delights thee,
Silently to praise incites thee;
Nature's silvery voice invites thee.
Mortal fly!
Life is short, and Death is nigh.

But oft, alas! her accents fall unheard
On ears whose deadened pulse no longer feels,
On hearts whose throbs foul worldly passions gird,
On souls for whom in vain the anthem peals.
Such clods as these demand a sterner voice,

A harsher hand to teach them how to pray;
Adversity must lead them to rejoice,
Since they reject her gentler sister's sway.
No blithesome maid is this, with gladdening smile,
With golden hair and gently waving wings;
No overflowing horn, no harvest pile
Around her path with open hand she flings.
Stern-browed, pale-visaged, clad in sombre hue,
With glittering eyes and black dishevelled locks,
She blights the corn-field as she passes through,
The fruit-trees wither, hunger thins the flocks,
And in her train comes many a wierd-like form
That hovers round the object of her care.
Grief, rage and madness, heralds of the storm,
Then bitter cursings, or dull, dead despair;
And when the pride of power, the pomp of wealth,
Have fled aghast before her stern rebuke,—
When careless vigour, boastful of its health,
Has dragged its quivering limbs to some dark nook,—
Then comes the last, the fairest of the band;
With gentle, dove-like mien and heaven-born calm
She cools the sufferer's brow with tender hand,
And with her seraph song pours in a balm:

Hope, mortal hope! Though wealth decay,
And strength and power shall pass away;
Though friends desert thee, senses fail;
Though sin thy weary soul assail,
Still hope! hope on! For is not He
Who gave these misused gifts to thee,
Still strong to save, still quick to hear
The faintest whispered breath or prayer?
In taking wealth, He took thy pride,
That kept His angels from thy side;
In taking power, He made thee feel
'Fore whose bright throne thy soul should kneel.
Though friends have left thee to despair,
One Friend remains for thee to care.
Then hope thou on, and let thy soul
Still strive to gain heaven's glorious goal!

And men who in prosperity have scoffed,
And deemed themselves the true-born gods of earth,
Have learned by stern Adversity to waft
Their prayers to heaven, to grant them godlike worth.

H. W. H.

"I HAVE MADE ONE HEART HAPPY."

"Mother, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day," said little Willie, as he came bounding in from school one lovely summer afternoon, and threw his arms about her neck, imprinting a sweet kiss upon her pale cheek. "Yes, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day"—and his little bosom heaved with an honest pride and delight, which caused his bright eyes to sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon his dimpled cheek.

Little Willie was a bright, active boy, on whose loving countenance seven summers had smiled, leaving new beauties as their visible impress, and a reward for the warm heart beating beneath. His widowed mother, on whom the whole care of his training from infancy had devolved, was called to exercise great discretion properly to curb his naturally hasty temper, and to bring it into due subjection to wholesome restraint, and thus mould it for the accomplishment of some noble end in life—to love rather than hate—to do good rather than evil. And well had the mother done her task. He was a child of many prayers and much faithful instruction, and the good seed thus sown unsparingly, and watered with a mother's tears, had fallen in good soil, and was just beginning to spring up with a promise of an abundant harvest. The oft-repeated counsel that he ought always to try to make some heart happy each day, had for once been heeded, and she rejoiced in the thought, and inwardly thanked her Heavenly Father that she had lived to see her darling boy so loving

and dutiful as he had been of late, and especially that happy day.

"Are you sure, Willie," she said after a slight pause, "you have made one heart happy to-day?"

"Yes, mother; she said so, and thanked me—oh, so many times!"

"Who was it you made so happy, and what did you do for her?"

"It was aunty, mother—aunty Wilson, who lives in the little house by the brook. I went in there when I went to school, and she said she had been looking out of the window to see the beautiful flowers and the little children plucking them, but she was old and lame, and she couldn't pick them as she used to, and as she had now no little boy or girl to get them for her, she had to be content with looking at them from her window. So at noon I went and got all the prettiest ones I could find, and carried them to her, and she was so glad, and said God would bless me, for I had made one poor heart happy; that the flowers were very sweet, but she was soon going to a land where there are far sweeter flowers that never fade. Did she mean Paradise, mother?"

"Yes, my dear."

"May I get flowers for her every day, mother, and some of those nice ones from *our* little garden, that I may make her happy again?"

"Yes, my child, as often and as many as you wish; and I trust the remembrance of this day may cause you ever to strive to make some heart happy daily, and then it cannot be said you have lived wholly in vain."

"I will try, mother," he said, and his blue eyes filled with tears—tears of mingled sympathy and joy; sympathy for the disconsolate and suffering, and joy that even he could be of some service—little boy that he was—in making earth's weary and lonely hearts happy. Yes, and it was a blessed privilege. He *had* made *one* heart happy that day; and not *one* only, for the simple story of that little act of childish thoughtfulness and kindness had made a mother's heart happy also. Did not the brightening eye, the sweet smile, and the earnest recital, tell his fond mother that his own heart beat lighter and was happier that night for the little act of kindness he had done? Yes, that simple handful of flowers, gathered in the field and by the roadside, had made *three* hearts happy that day. The flowers which caused it might wither, but before that happened, one more unfading flower was blossoming in three hearts, and sweetening life with its precious fragrance.

Blessed privilege, indeed, to make *one* heart happy each day! Is there one that cannot or will not strive to do it? There is sunshine enough, there are flowers enough, there is perfume enough, in this world of ours, to make *every* heart happy and sweeten *every* bitter cup, if there be always ready some kind word or act to unlock the avenues thereto, and open them to the reception of those blessed gifts. If every one would live for this, what a blessed world earth would be! a little heaven below—every house a temple of praise, and every heart an exhaustless fountain of joy!

OBEDIENCE, OR THE WATER-LILIES.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

In a very dirty, narrow court in London, lived a poor woman with four children. She was not a widow really, though her case was almost as sad, for her husband, who was a sailor, had gone away five years before our story commences, and she had not heard from him once during that long time. She worked very hard all day at a ham warehouse, covering hams with coarse cloth that they might be sent abroad without getting spoiled.

Her eldest child was a girl of nine years, called Ellen; then came a boy of seven, and then twins — Tommy and Martha—who were only five years old. All four children went to a school close by, and after they came home at five o'clock it was Ellen's business to make the room tidy, wash the twins, give them their suppers and put them to bed.

Now Ellen was generally a good girl, minded what was said to her, and was very kind to her brothers and sister; but she was left much to herself, for her mother, Mrs. King, left home at seven in the morning and did not return till nine at night.

It happened that in the next room to that occupied by the Kings', there lived one of those unhappy families too often seen among the very poor—a drunken husband, and an idle drunken wife with dirty rude children.

Mrs. King had forbidden her little ones to speak to these people, but Ellen often met Jane, the eldest girl, on the stairs, and one day they began to talk to each other. "Dear me," said Jane, "I would not work as you do for anything—up at six, working till school, then working again till bed-time—what a shame! Come out with me and see the shops. I can take you to such a beautiful house, all filled with people and lighted up so finely. Come to-night, instead of staying in this wretched dark place." "Oh, I mustn't," answered Ellen sorrowfully. "Mother told me to have the twins' frocks mended, and I have not begun them yet. Tommy has torn his sleeve too, and Martha——" "Bother Tommy and Martha!" interrupted Jane; "you come with me;" and seeing Ellen hesitate, she added, "we shall be home in plenty of time to get the work done, and it is the most beautiful warm place you were ever in." Ellen yielded, and the two girls went out, leaving their brothers and sisters in bed. At first Jane spoke as well as she could, and did not use any bad words; but when they got some distance from home and met with some other girls gaudily dressed, she talked as loud and fast as they did, and Ellen's terror was complete when they entered a large house full of people, all drinking, swearing, laughing and quarrelling. In vain she begged Jane to take her away; Jane and her companions only laughed at her, and it was not till past eleven o'clock that Ellen found herself once more at home. At the door stood her mother pale and trembling. "Oh, Ellen, where have you been?" "Mother, dear mother, I will never leave you again;" and poor Ellen sprung into her mother's arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. Mrs. King said not a word; she gently led Ellen upstairs, and only kissing her in silence, undressed her and put her to bed. Then drawing her chair close to the little table on which burnt a dull candle, she took up the two little frocks and began to mend them. "Oh mother," cried Ellen, "let me do them; you're so tired." "Hush, child, you will wake the children. I will do the work." The next day was Sunday, and when the children were dressed for school, Mrs. King put on her bonnet to go with them. Ellen guessed her mother was going to speak to Miss Allen, the Sunday-school teacher, and she guessed right. Miss Allen thanked Mrs. King for her confidence, and having heard Ellen's story from her own lips, she drew the little class round her and repeated it to them. "Now, children," she added, "you are all disobedient sometimes; indeed very few of you are so good generally as Ellen is. I have told you before that you have *two lives.* The life of the body, which is nourished by good food, warm clothing, fresh air, and cleanly, active habits; and the other life of the soul, which is kept healthy by good actions, good words and good thoughts. Now when Ellen talked to that poor wicked girl Jane, what sin did she commit?" "Disobedience," cried all the children. "And can you tell me which of her two lives she put in danger?" asked Miss Allen. The children were silent a minute; then one bright-eyed little maid said, "Her soul life, teacher." "Why, Annie?" "Because father says public-houses are bad places for children, and he won't let us go into one, not for anything." "Quite right, dear," said Miss Allen; "and remember, children, that all of you have charge of your own souls, and you must take care they get into no harm through your carelessness or disobedience. Now listen, and I will tell you a story about a little girl who put the life of her body in as much danger as Ellen put her soul life, through not minding what was said to her.

"THE WATER-LILIES.

"One bright, fine summer's day, two little girls, Annie and Lucy, went with their papa and mama into the country for a holiday. Mr. Morton, for that was their papa's name, drove them in a pretty chaise to a little village in Epping Forest, where they met their cousin Alice, with uncle John and aunt Fanny. Alice had brought her pet dog, Tiny, though he was not small, but a large Newfoundland, with curly black hair. The three little girls were very happy, now running

on before and now stopping behind to pick the daisies. Presently they came to a nice shady spot, and uncle John told Lucy and Alice to gather some dry ferns for seats, while Annie helped her mother and aunt Fanny to lay the cloth on the smooth grass, and get the things out of the hamper for dinner. You may guess how happy they all were, and how the little girls laughed when Tiny, who could not understand his master having dinner on the grass, came bounding in among the dishes, and ran away with a bone off uncle John's plate. When they had all finished, Mr. Morton said the children might go and play with Tiny while their parents stayed under the shadow of the trees. 'But mind, children,' he added, 'do not go near the pond, nor try to get any of those water-lilies which are floating on the top.' 'What beautiful large flowers!' exclaimed Alice; 'how I should like some!' 'Do not attempt to get them, my dear, and do not go near the pond.'

"For a while the children played at hide-and-seek among the bushes, but Tiny always betrayed them by barking and jumping round the bush in which they hid, so they left off; and said Alice, 'Let us see who can make the prettiest nosegay of wild flowers.' 'Oh, yes,' agreed Annie; 'we will each pick as many as we can find, and then take them to uncle John and see which he likes best.' Away they ran, and were soon busy hunting for late violets, daisies and sweet-scented convolvulus. Lucy called Tiny, and made him carry her little basket while she picked the flowers. At last she sat down opposite the pond to arrange her treasures, and very pretty the little nosegay looked. 'But oh,' thought Lucy, 'if only I had one of those lovely white flowers! I am sure it could not hurt to tread lightly on those large green leaves and pick just one flower.' Now Lucy remembered what her papa had said, and if she had obeyed him all would have been well. He knew, though she did not, that the large leaves were only floating on the deep water, and that if they were trodden on there was nothing beneath to keep them up. But Lucy did not know this, and thinking it must be all right, she ran quickly down the bank, stepped on to the treacherous leaves with her hand outstretched to pluck the flower, when, alas! the leaves gave way, over rushed the water, and poor little Lucy, with one loud scream, sank into the cold black pond. Tiny, who had followed her to the bank, instantly plunged in after her. Mr. Morton heard the scream, and ran to the pond just in time to see Tiny emerge from the water with Lucy's hat in his mouth. Seizing the hat, he sent the dog again into the water. Tiny soon appeared at some distance, bearing Lucy in his mouth, but unfortunately his feet became entangled in the lilies, and after vainly struggling to extricate himself he began to sink. At this moment uncle John came up, and, throwing off his coat, he sprung into the water just in time to receive Lucy from poor Tiny, who, exhausted with his efforts, had loosed his hold on her clothes. In another minute he had reached the opposite bank where the water was clear, and laid down the poor little girl, cold and senseless.

"Very sad were all the party as they rode back that afternoon. Little Lucy was taken to the nearest house and put into a hot bath by a large fire, though it was the middle of July; but it was some time before she shewed any signs of life, and it was several weeks before she could be taken home."

"And Tiny," asked Ellen, "what became of the dear, good dog?" "That was what Lucy asked," answered Miss Allen, "when she first saw her cousin Alice. Alice said nothing, and cried; but uncle John took Lucy into the garden and shewed her a little mound, and told her to thank God who had spared her life to her parents, while poor Tiny had been drowned. Lucy was very sorry for poor Tiny, and she never, I believe, disobeyed her parents again. And so I hope, dear Ellen, as you have been saved from the danger you ran into last night, you too, like Lucy, will in future be obedient."

Not many weeks after, Mrs. King's husband came home. He had been in the wars abroad, and had lost his right arm, but he had saved some money. He took a pretty little house near the water, where he could still earn a few shillings, and Mrs. King stayed at home and took care of the children.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A Hint for the Pulpit.—John Bright, who, when he speaks, usually writes out on a card three or four of the principal branches of his subjects, and walks about the room for a little while fitting them to their proper order, says: "There is one thing I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Before I get up to speak, I always know how I am going to leave off, and that is half the art. Many a decent speaker has spoken well for a time, but cannot while speaking hit upon a few good sentences with which to stop, and at last makes a mess of it, and leaves an unfavourable impression."

Only the Devil.—In his *History of Rationalism in Europe*, Lecky tells us that Martin Luther had become so familiar with the persuasion of the continual presence and agency of the Adversary, that whenever he heard any sound during the night in the Castle of Wittenberg, he dropped asleep quietly as soon as he had satisfied himself that it was "only the devil." What would have been to most persons a huge persuasive to activity, was to him reason for quietness. He must have been of the opinion of the good man who said to his frightened children: "My sons, you will never see anything worse than yourselves." Only keep out human burglars, and we need not fear any spectral mischief-makers. Luther was altogether right. It is natural, embodied evil, the tempters in flesh and blood, the fine gentlemen perhaps—which is the modern translation of the words, "disguised as an angel of light"—that we should dread. So long as it is "only the devil," we can set about our business, whether it be sleeping or working, without fear.

Saved from Sin.—A writer in the *Evangelist* has caught a glimpse of a great truth: "If a cancer is eating into your side, and a physician comes to see you, what do you wish of him? To cure you, to be sure; but to cure you of what? To cure your pain? Cure your sleeplessness? Cure the loathsomeness of the wound you bear? Cure your want of strength; want of ability to labour, and to be in society; and to be yourself? To cure you of the death that threatens you, after a few more days and nights of suffering? O yes, you want to be cured in all these particulars; but you do not say so to the physician. What you say to him is, that he shall cure your *cancer!* That cure includes all others. That describes the whole case; pains, weariness, sleeplessness, loathsomeness, idleness, seclusion from society and business; and from the threatened death. All goes with the cure of the disease. Sin is the cancer that is eating out your life. In it are included the pains, the sorrows, the heart-sinkings of life. For this disease the Saviour is needed. For this he came. His deliverance from sin is eternal life and peace."—*Christian Inquirer.*

Our Heathen.—It is estimated that Queen Victoria has 40,000,000 Mohammedan, and 150,000,000 heathen subjects.

The Dunkers.—They number in America altogether about ten thousand souls, and are a peaceable, industrious and inoffensive people. The most curious feature of their ceremonies is the literal compliance with the Saviour's command to "wash one another's feet."

A Proper Reform.—Hitherto it was the practice in Russia that when a criminal, not a Christian, embraced Christianity pending the proceedings taken against him, a more lenient sentence than would otherwise have been given was pronounced. This mode of proselyting has now been abolished.

A Pointed Reproof.—The Rev. Dr. Walker, of Portland, a very able, a very worthy, and highly respected orthodox divine of the city of Portland, preached the Sunday after the recent great calamity in reference thereto. He pronounced the burning of Portland a judgment from God occasioned by the great sins of the people. About the time his sermon was concluded, the steeple of his church was struck by lightning, and shattered to the foundation! If the philosophy of his sermon is sound, what are we to think of the congregation to whom the Rev. gentleman ministers, to say nothing of the pastor?

Patrick Henry.—"I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could leave them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all in the world, they would be poor."

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

We beg to tender our thanks to the Agents and our Friends for the large increase of the circulation of our little paper during 1866. But the increase is not sufficient to justify us continuing to give 24 pages and an Engraving for 1½d. Compelled to make some change to meet our expenses, we prefer to continue a monthly Engraving and the same price as before, with the number of pages reduced to 16, in Volume XI., as in the first nine volumes. We shall still need all the help our Friends and Agents can give to increase our list of subscribers. In future, the Agents will be supplied at the rate of 10 copies for One Shilling, post free.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. Spears, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to Whitfield, Green & Son, 178, Strand, W.C.

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